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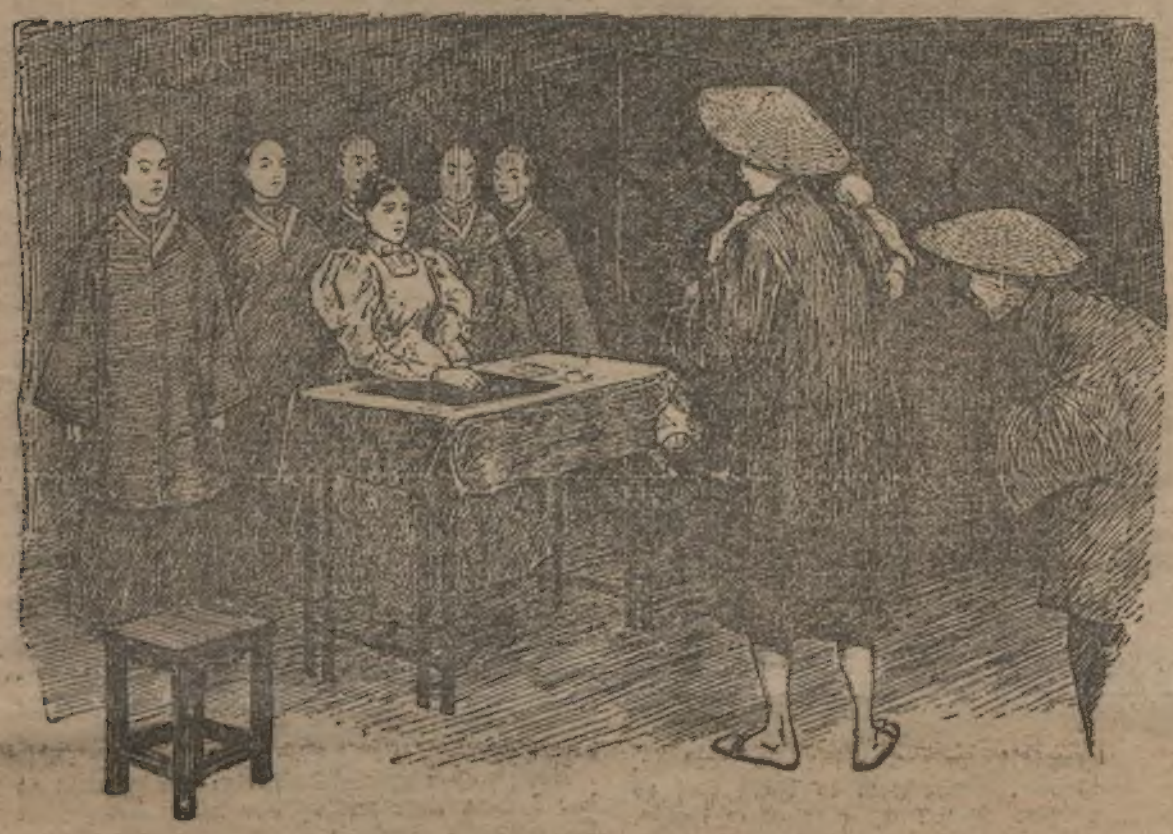
Dong Sun Yet.

(Sarah Hughes Graves, M.D., in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Dong Sun Yet moaned so loudly in the night that she aroused her father. 'Am I not to sleep at night?' he cried. 'Be still, or to-morrow I will take you to the white devil woman and she will cut off your feet.'

Poor Dong Sun Yet was in too much pain to heed this threat, which had been repeated so often that it had lost its first terror. Her head ached, her small body burned with fever, and the agony in her tortured feet overcame the filial reverence which she, in common with all Chinese children, was taught to consider the first rule of life.



'WHAT YOU WANT?'

'Will you let me sleep?' A blow from her mother's hand enforced Dong Wo's demand.

The moans hushed for a moment, but soon rose again, tending toward delirium.

Dong Wo grew uneasy. 'She has a devil,' he said. 'She will bring a curse upon us. If I take her away our gods may give us a son.'

Dong Kwee, the mother, arose and stooped over the suffering child. 'It is better to be a coolie than to be possessed of a devil,' she said, bitterly.

Dong Kwee was a coolie, with broad, flat feet; her husband's determination to make a 'lily-foot' of their only child had long rankled in her heart. She had not dared to rebel; in fact, when the tender feet had been bent double so that the balls of the great toes rested upon the soles of the heels, her pride knew no bounds. She witnessed the little girl's sufferings with a jealous pang. Gladly would she have gone through the necessary pain, had it been possible to reshape her own flat feet.

Things went wrong with little Dong; from the first her sufferings were intense. Her father may have waited until she was too old before he had the bandages applied, or they may have been too tightly put on.

Twice had the binding been done over; at last, it seemed, with success. Dong felt no pain for many weeks. Then the agony began afresh, accompanied by high fever, which burned for many days.

The Chinese doctor was called in; he made great pinches, which left black and blue marks between her eyes and on the backs of her wrists; he gave her the dust of ground-up black spidera; then he shook his head and went away; but the fever rose higher and the pain grew worse.

This night every breath was a moan. 'She has a devil,' said her father.

The next morning he carried the raving child to the Woman's Hospital, where he waited in the midst of half a hundred other Chinamen, all more or less sick or crippled, until a door at the end of a long hall was opened, and they crowded into a large, well-lighted room, where the woman-doctor sat, surrounded by her trained and uniformed Chinese nurses. It was in a city of China, where the missionary doctor had established her hospital in connection with the work of the mission.

'Rice Christians!' muttered Dong Wo, disdainfully glancing at the attendants. The mission Chinamen are held in deep contempt by the unconverted coolies, who allege that they profess Christianity solely to get free rations of rice; and at this time, on account of the missionary massacres that had recently taken place, the feeling against 'Rice Christians' was intense.

Dong Wo elbowed his way to the front. 'What you want?' asked the doctor, in her kindly voice.

'One piece gel, she makee bailly sick,' explained Dong Wo.

'Her feet?'

'Yeh, too muchee tight.'

A nurse took the child from his arms and knelt down in front of the door. Skilful fingers soon unrolled the aching feet; when the last bandage fell to the floor, a murmur of pity ran over the crowd of onlookers, accustomed as they were to the bound-foot cruelty.

Doctor Yarramore took the shrieking child into her own lap while the nurse hastily wrapped up the distorted mass of swollen and discolored flesh.

'Must cut off feet,' said the doctor. 'No cut off feet, she die, pretty soon.'

'All lite, you likee,' grunted Dong Wo, 'Me no likee no moh. Cut off foot, no can be sing-song gel; no can work, allee samee coolie. She not muchee 'coun'. You keep alle time.'

The doctor's eyes filled with tears. 'I keep allee time?' she asked. 'You no come take her back?'

Dong Wo repeated sullenly, 'Oh! she not muchee 'coun'. You keep allee time!' Then he shuffled away. Hoo Bee, the nurse, carried Dong Sun Yet into another room. The child stopped crying and looked timorously around. 'I am afraid of the devil woman,' she said in Chinese; 'I want to go away.'

'Be not ungrateful,' replied Hoo Bee; 'she is not a devil, but a good white spirit. She will make you well.'

Then Hoo Bee bathed her little charge, dressed her in a clean white slip, and taking her into a big room with a glass roof, laid her on a table. When the doctor, in her long white gown, came in, Dong Yet shrieked again with fear.

'White devil woman!' she cried. 'White dev—' then something sweet and suffocating rushed down her nose and throat. She struggled faintly a few moments, gave up with a sigh of weariness, closed her eyes—and opened them again to find herself lying in a soft white bed with Hoo Bee bathing her forehead, and an open window at her side.

She was almost too weak to breathe, but oh! so wonderfully free from pain. Hoo Bee had told the truth; the white woman-doctor was a good spirit.

Just then, at a light touch on her arm, Dong raised her heavy eyelids and saw the woman-doctor with a shining something in her hand. The doctor thrust the tiny point of her hypodermic syringe into Dong Yet's arm; it had a sting like a needle, and frightened the child so that she fainted. Her first sensation on recovering was one of fear.

'The needle-dagger!' she moaned. Hoo Bee soothed her.

'That is not a dagger, it is to make you well. See, even now you feel better. With that the doctor brings back the spirit when it is making ready to leave the body. I have seen her do it. It is more powerful than our prayer to the dying.'

Dong did indeed feel better. She looked up at the doctor's face and was reassured by her smile. 'Did you bring me back?' she asked in Chinese.

The doctor did not understand, but she nodded cheerfully, closed the inquiring eyes with kisses, and hurried away to visit other patients.

Poor little Dong had never been kissed in

all the seven years of her life. Had she been a boy, her parents would have lavished upon her their love and care; for a boy would have worshipped them after their death, and thus have insured their immortality.

If she had had a brother, the bitterness against her would have been mitigated by the service she could have given to the boy. But for an only child to be a girl was a daily insult to her parents.

Dong Sun Yet did not understand the doctor's kisses, but they felt sweet; and that moment a strange, new feeling of love crept into her starved little Chinese soul.

She slept much during the next two days, the white doctor floating beneficently through her dreams. To Dong Sun Yet's imagination the doctor was a source of all the happiness that surrounded her. Hoo Bee's kindness grew less; it disappeared when the doctor went away; but her sullenness did not disturb Dong Sun Yet. It was mild compared to what she had known before.

On the evening of the second day Hoo Bee was very irritable; her manner to the doctor had lost a shade of its customary servility.

'Do your feet ache?' asked Dong. 'Get the white doctor-woman to cure them as she cured mine. I have no more pain in my feet.'

'You have no feet,' snarled Hoo Bee. The woman cut them off.'

Dong gave a muffled scream and threw back the covers, trying at the same time to rise.

'Lie still!' commanded Hoo Bee. 'How can you stand without feet? You can never again either stand or walk.'

Dong's howls of anger echoed loudly throughout the corridor; Hoo Bee stuffed a towel into her mouth and tried to get her quiet, but the doctor came hurriedly into the room, followed by a coolie.

'What do you mean?' she said, sternly, pushing Hoo Bee aside, and removing the towel.

Dong felt no more anger when she heard the quiet tones that had taught her all she knew of human kindness. She stared peacefully at her white friend, until her eyes began to take in the coolie figure in the background; then she shuddered, for she recognized her father.

Dong Wo barely glanced at his child; he kept his eyes on the floor as he talked to the doctor. 'I likee stay one night,' he said. 'One piecee man tell me Dong Sun Yet makee die to-night.'

'It is against the rules,' said the doctor, thoughtfully.

Her heart softened toward the man; she felt that she had misjudged him. 'Perhaps he loves her as tenderly as I could love a child of my own,' she thought. 'We know so little of these wonderful, ingenicusly stupid people.'

The doctor might have been pardoned for being in an unusually thoughtful mood. In all that great city, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, there was no other white human being that night, nor had there been for many nights. The great convention at Shanghai had called all the missionaries of every denomination, leaving Doctor Yarramore alone with her staff of native Christians.

She was a brave woman, but as the days wore on and each morning brought its fresh rumors of missionary massacres near at hand, she realized more and more strongly upon what slight security her own life rested; and, more precious than life, the success of her training-school and hospital.

'You may stay,' she said, 'but Dong Sun Yet no die to-night. I think she live.'

When the doctor left, followed by Hoo Bee, Dong Wo sat down by the bed, watching Dung Sun Yet out of the slanting corners of his eyes.

Little Dong tried to keep her eyes closed, but the lips twitched nervously. Her father offered her the small medicine glass full of water. She swallowed the draught, then looked suspiciously at him. The water had a bitter taste. She dared not cry out, although soon she felt very ill.

The doctor came back to caution Dong Wo against talking to his daughter. She leaned over Dong Yet, examining her with fresh anxiety.

'The heart is strangely weak,' she said. 'She is sirking.'

Hoo Bee brought stimulants, and both women worked over the little patient until she again revived.

'She is better,' said the doctor; 'I must go into G ward; call me if there is any change. I will not go to bed to-night.'

To herself she said, 'I wish I could stay; I cannot feel the pulse at her wrist.'

Dong Yet slept for some time; she roused at a harsh exclamation from Hoo Bee. A silence followed, then Dong Wo said softly, 'Hush! she is awake!'

Dong Yet pretended to be asleep, but her senses were on the alert, for she remembered the bitter taste of the water her father had given her and the deathly sickness that came afterward.

In a few moments the low-toned conversation was resumed; it was in Chinese, and Wong Do did the most of the talking.

'What right had the woman devil to cut off her feet?' he snarled. 'That was not curing her; I brought her here to be cured, and they have crippled her. She could have died at home, if she must die.'

'But I think she will live,' said Hoo Bee.

'She will not live; the priest told me so to-day. These Christians take our children into their missions to kill and offer up to their Gods. The priest says it. When they are strong enough they will seize you Rice Christians, too, and make sacrifices of you. How can you help yourselves? Can they not make you as one dead by pouring their bottled breath into your mouth?'

Hoo Bee was perceptibly moved by this allusion to the mysterious ether, whose effects she had several times watched with secret awe.

'What you say is true,' she said.

'Well, then! To-night a hundred men of our Tong are gathered around the mission. They fear the power of the devil woman, and they dare not set fire to the walls; also the sick who are inside would be burned. The priest has made me safe by his prayers, and I am sent to open the doors. But the men are still fearful of the devil woman, and have asked for a sign. The priest told them that Dong Sun Yet would die to-night. When she dies I shall open the doors—or you; if you do not help us you are in the power of the devil woman, and you will be killed with her.'

Hoo Bee's teeth chattered and her face grew ghastly.

'The servants know something,' he went on. 'The priest sent messengers to them and to the sick people. When my men come inside, the servants will join them. Will you be with us?'

'But Dong Sun Yet will not die,' mumbled Hoo Bee, gray with terror.

'She will die.' The priest has said it. Then the devil woman will be told to bring her to life; is that not what the Christians teach—that they raise the dead? If she brings back the departed spirit, then is she greater than the priest—and may my right hand rot off with leprosy when I raise it against her! If she cannot bring Dong Sun Yet to life again then she is an imposter, and her limbs shall be torn from her body. These are the words of the priest.'

'I will obey the words of the priest,' said Hoo Bee, between her chattering teeth.

Dong Wo came to the bedside again. He shook Dong Sun Yet, who opened her eyes feebly and drowsily. 'It is time for you to take your medicine,' he said.

Hoo Bee started forward in protest, then turned and left the room.

'I take no medicine,' said Dong Sun Yet.

Her father pressed the little glass fiercely to his child's mouth, and forced her lips apart. Dong Sun Yet took it into her mouth as if drinking, turned her head away, and let the dose run quietly out into the pillow; this her father did not see.

Then she tried to think. The priest had said that she must die. Her father said she must die, and twice he had given her the queer-tasting medicine that made her so ill. She could not hope to deceive him the next time.

Dong Sun Yet shook as with a chill. She opened her eyes and mouth to scream for help, and found her father's terrible face within a few inches of her own. The scream died in her throat, and for the second time since coming to the hospital Dong Sun Yet fainted from fright.

As consciousness came slowly back, she heard the hum of many voices. The little room was filled with people—mostly men; they were a mob of a hundred of her father's Tong, bent on destruction. Her father was speaking, and although she knew little pidgin English, she understood his meaning.

'You makee live,' he was saying to the doctor. 'You Clistin' savy bling back dead mans. You makee Dong Sun Yet come back.'

The doctor's calm voice stilled the tumult of the dark-faced crowd.

'I cannot raise the dead,' she said. 'None but Christ can do that. He can make her live again in heaven.'

'Clis' makee live in heaven, you makee live on earth,' said Dong Wo, with authority. The Chinamen growled assent.

'You talkee makum live—you makum livee. You no bling back, you die, too. You housee all blun up. Licee Clistin'!'—Rice Christians—'all die 'long a you.'

When his harsh voice ceased, a moan of supplication arose from the dozen native servants and nurses who had remained faithful to her, and who were in the room, held prisoners by the men of the Tong.

'You makee live,' they begged, weeping in abject fear, but faithful to the last. 'You makee try. We pray for you.'

A dozen hands grasped her roughly; an ominous muttering came from the hundred men, and Hoo Bee stepped forward with the doctor's hypodermic needle filled as she had filled it before.

'We pray for you,' pleaded the nurses, flinging themselves on the floor in a semicircle around the bed.

The rioters, momentarily impressed by the solemnity of the scene, dropped into the dimly lighted background. The white-robed doctor, standing in the wavering, yellow candlelight, raised her eyes for a prayerful instant, then took her 'needle dagger' from Hoo Bee's outstretched hand and bent down—so close that Dong thought she meant to kiss her.

A quiver passed over the child's face; the doctor whispered, 'Thank God!' Then she bared a spot over the heart of Dong Sun Yet and quickly plunged in the needle.

The fierce faces that walled in the cot seemed changed to bronze, so breathless was that first moment of suspense. At last the doctor called, 'Dong Sun Yet!' and the kneeling nurses chanted, 'In the name of Christ, come back!'

Dong's eyes opened brightly; she glanced at her father, then put up her hand and patted the doctor's cheek.

'A devil! A devil!' shrieked Dong Wo, but he shook with fear.

He turned appealingly to the men of the Tong; they said, 'She who can make life can make death. We will go away.'

Stolidly they turned and vanished, one by one, into the darkness without; and amid all the horror of the missionary massacres that followed, the Woman's Hospital stood untouched.

When the last blue blouse had disappeared, Dong Sun Yet raised her hand and again feebly patted the doctor's cheek. 'No can hurt good, white spirit,' she said, and smiled.

Acknowledgements.

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LESSON, MAY 5, 1907.

Joseph, the Wise Ruler, in Egypt.

Gen. xli., 38-49. Memory verses, 38-40. Read Genesis xli., 43.

Golden Text.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God. Jas. i., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 29.—Gen. xli., 1-16.
Tuesday, April 30.—Gen. xli., 17-36.
Wednesday, May 1.—Gen. xli., 37-52.
Thursday, May 2.—Gen. xli., 53; xlii., 20.
Friday, May 3.—Gen. xlii., 21-38.
Saturday, May 4.—Gen. xliii., 1-17.
Sunday, May 5.—Gen. xliii., 81-34.

For the Junior Classes.

Who were we studying about last Sunday? Yes, it was Joseph, who had been put in prison. While he was in this prison you remember he was so good and so helpful that the governor of the prison made him more free than all the other prisoners, so that he could go about and talk to them. Two of the prisoners had each a very strange dream, and God helped Joseph to tell what these dreams meant. One of the men was freed shortly after, and went back to Pharaoh's palace, and here he forgot all about Joseph for two long years. Then somebody else had two very strange dreams, and who was it this time?

The children will be easily interested in the dreams of Pharaoh, and they are the natural introduction to to-day's lesson study. The story is an old favorite, but must not be allowed to take all the time, as there are many beautiful lessons to be drawn from the account which even the smallest children will comprehend. Joseph's patience, his trust in God, and his open acknowledgment of God's care and help should be brought before their minds with the promise of the golden text that God is as willing to help us just as surely to-day.

For the Seniors.

It is readily noticed that the Bible, impartial as it is in relating the life stories of its great ones, has nothing of an adverse character to record of Joseph. The lad of seventeen who entered Potiphar's service had stamina enough to resist the temptations consequent on his just advancement. The young man in the last years of his life, thrown on a false charge, into the dungeon of an Egyptian prison, had sufficient strength of character to resist depression, and now the young slave, and inmate of a prison at the age of thirty, stood at Pharaoh's summons, in the royal presence, free from all cringing servility, erect in a manly dignity. He could control himself, for he had given the rule of his nature to God, he could trust himself because God's presence was with him, and he could honor himself because, said he, 'It is not in me.' but 'God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.' His unfaltering trust in God, however, did not induce him to leave all in the hands of God. 'God helps those who help themselves' might have been his motto, for he did all that he could think of in a position of difficulty, and then left the rest to God.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

There are strong reasons for supposing Rameses II., of the 19th dynasty (B.C. 1348-1281) to be the Pharaoh of the oppression; and reckoning back from this datum, it is probable that Joseph's elevation in Egypt is to be placed under that of the later Hyksos Kings. The Hyksos were a race of Asiatic invaders, who, according to Manetho, held Egypt for five hundred and eleven years, at first devastating and destroying, but afterwards settling down, and assimilating much of the culture of the conquered Egyptians. They were finally expelled c. 1600 B.C. or c. 1750 B.C. The capital of the Hyksos, as excavations have shown, was Zoan (Tanis) in the northeast of the Delta, about thirty-five miles north of Goshen; and it is true that the court of the Pharaoh is representd in Genesis as being not far from Goshen.—S. R. Driver.

In order to give him a position among the highest nobles of the land, Pharoah 'gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On,' that is, the chief priest of 'the City of the Sun.' This is the more noteworthy as the chief of the priesthood was generally chosen from among the nearest relatives of the Pharaoh. Yet in all this story there is really nothing extraordinary. As Egypt depends for its produce entirely on the waters of the Nile, the country has at all times been exposed to terrible famines; and one which lasted exactly seven years is recorded in A.D. 1064-1071, the horrors of which show us the wisdom of Joseph's precautionary measures. Again, so far as the sudden elevation of Joseph is concerned, Eastern history contains many such instances, and indeed, a Greek historian tells us of an Egyptian king who made the son of a mason his own son-in-law, because he judged him the cleverest man in the land. What is remarkable is the marvellous divine appointment in all this, and the equally marvellous choice of means to bring it about.—Edersheim, in 'History of Palestine.'

Providence and Foresight. The vegetables God did not create till the earth was dry, the animals not till the vegetables were prepared for their sustenance; and man not till the kingdom was put in order which man should rule. Now this is what we call providence in God, foresight or prudence in man. —F. W. Robertson.

It is not the man who reaches the corner first who wins, but the man who knows exactly what he is going to do when he reaches the corner.—Charles E. Hughes.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

The Greek and Latin classics contain many instances of remarkable dreams, as of Julius Cæsar's wife Calpurnia, and the dream of Brutus before his last battle. Clytemnestra had prescience of the fall of Troy, in the Agamemmon of Æschylus. 'A tablet on the breast of the great Sphinx commemorates a remarkable dream of Thothmes IV.'—Tomkins.

Even Benjamin Franklin, in modern times, is said to have believed that he was instructed supernaturally in his dreams concerning the issue of current events. God sometimes speaks to the soul very clearly when it is thus withdrawn from outward distractions. This is, of course, not to countenance at all the superstitious use of trifling and meaningless dreams in which some foolish persons indulge.

A Lesson of Patience. 'The butler's dream came true in three days, but there was not much of it when it was fulfilled. It took thirteen years for Joseph's dreams to be realized, because the dreams meant so much. If a man's work is of small importance, he can be prepared for it in a little while. But when he has a great mission to fulfil, it requires a long time to fit him for it. Let no one grow impatient in God's school, however slow the advancement may be.'—J. R. Miller.

Opportunities. Life chances come in ways we never expect. 'Joseph might have ranged the plains of his native Mesopotamia in wild freedom for a hundred years and never have found such a chance of promotion as came to him within the precincts of that gloomy and stifling dungeon.'—Matheson.

'A wise man,' said Bacon, 'will make more opportunities than he finds.' This opportunity of Joseph's was half made by himself, by his kindness and ready helpfulness, and half furnished by Providence.

'To be a great man,' said Rochefoucauld, 'it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities'; and it has been truly said that most men deal with opportunities as children play with sand on the seashore, filling their hands with it, and then letting the grains fall through one by one until they are gone. That was not Joseph's way.

Was Joseph's Policy Just? He sold the grain to the starving people, and there is no indication that he sold it at starvation prices. To have given it away would have pauperized the people, and injured their character irretrievably. So the British government, in dealing with the terrible famines in India, enters upon large public works upon which the needy natives are employed, that they may earn money to buy bread. But, then, when the money gave out, Joseph took the people's domestic animals in return for wheat; then took their land, and at last themselves, emphasizing the final purchase by gathering the rural population in the cities, probably for convenience in feeding them. Thus Joseph brought about a complete revolution in the social condition of the nation; everything now belonged to Pharaoh. The monuments show that at the close of the Hyksos dynasty there was no private ownership of land, all Egyptians being mere tenants, paying to the king as taxes one-fifth part of the crops. This account in the Bible is the only explanation of how the great change came about.

In estimating the justice of this policy we must remember the unthrifty character of the people; the peculiar nature of the country, with its dependence upon the Nile; the prevalence of despotism in the ancient world; and especially the fact that the people who were concerned in the change heartily approved it, and hailed Joseph as their deliverer. Their taxes were low, for that rich soil, and in comparison with other Eastern lands even of the present day. 'The taxes in Turkey are 50 per cent. of the produce, and in Persia 75 per cent.'—Dillman.

Moreover, the nation, which had been weakened by many petty and hostile principalities, was consolidated into a strong nation. Joseph proved himself a constructive statesmen of the first rank.

Bible References.

Psa. xci., 14, 15; Prov. xxii., 29; Acts vii., 9-11; Jas. i., 12; Ex. xxxi., 3; Phil. ii., 13-15; I. Cor. iii., 16; Eccl. ix., 10.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 5.—Topic—The power of a contented life. Phil. iv., 10-20. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

KNOWN BY OUR DEEDS.

Monday, April 29.—According to our deeds Rom. ii., 6.

Tuesday, April 30.—In word and deed. Col iii., 17.

Wednesday, May 1.—The fruit of their doings. Isa. iii., 10.

Thursday, May 2.—How are we known. 1. John iii., 10.

Friday, May 3.—Not weary in well doing. Gal. vi., 9.

Saturday, May 4.—Continuance in well doing. Rom. ii., 7.

Sunday, May 5.—Topic—How we show what we are. Prov. xx., 11. (Consecration meeting.)

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The old man's visit on the evening I have referred to, when Tom Smart's tears were being kissed away by his loyal and loving little daughter, was doubly welcome. They resolved themselves at once into a committee of three, on the grand question of finding work for 'feyther.'

'I hev it!' said old Aaron, at last, slapping his hand upon his knee triumphantly, 'we'll try Mr. Allamore again, at the new railway.'

'It's nut a bit o' use,' said Tom, shaking his head dolefully. 'Ah've been tiv 'im an' asked him ower an' ageean te tak' me on, but he says he weean't; an' when he says he weean't; he weean't; that's the soort o' chap Maister Allamore is.'

'Yes, you've asked him,' said Aaron, whose voice was full of hope, 'but Kitty hezn't asked him, an' I'm goin' to pin my faith to Kitty, bless her, an' the kind Providence of God.',

Smart still shook his head. What could a bairn like Kitty do? But if Aaron pinned his faith to Kitty, that trustful and loving little maiden pinned her faith to 'gran'feyther.'

'If gran'feyther'll go wi' ma,' she said, 'ah'll go an' ax 'm. He weean't hurt ma, will he?'

Kitty's voice, and the shade of anxiety on her bonnie face, betrayed a little fear.

'Hu't thoo?' said Aaron. 'Mah poor bairn! Kitty, my sweetheart, thoo'l tek Allamore's heart by storm. We'll go an' see him te-morrow mornin'.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Allamore, the contractor, having paid his early morning visit to 'the works,' which at that time described a series of heavy chalk cuttings through the wold hills, was just entering his house on the Lonedale Road when he was accosted by a little girl. At first he thought it was a tiny old woman that stood before him, so prematurely had care and hardship set their marks upon her. She was accompanied by old Aaron Brigham, who left her to tell her own story, and wisely so, while he stood a little behind, ready to speak if he was appealed to.

'If yo' please, sir, will yo' let me speak to yo'?'

Kitty spoke with 'bated breath,' making a couple of low curtsies to the 'great railway man,' by far the greatest man that had ever risen on her small horizon.

Mr. Allamore rapidly concluded that he had to do with a little tramp, and was about to dismiss her with a word, when he found himself looking curiously into a pair of speaking eyes that held him, and would not let him go.

'Why, why. Yes, my small lassie,' he said. 'What is it you want to say to me?' While he spoke he felt that he should have to do it whatever the request might be, for the angel in that face could never be said Nay, least of all from Mr. Allamore, who had great reverence for 'the least of these.'

'If yo' please, sir, will yo' give feyther some work on t' new railway? He can't get nowt te do, an' I havn't any bred fo' t' chilther.'

'Why who is your feyther? What's your name?' asked Mr. Allamore, kindly. He was intensely touched with the assumption of responsibility for the children's bread.

Poor Kitty drooped her head upon her breast as she gave her answer. She knew, alas! too well in what bad estimate the name was held. 'Feyther's Tom Smart, sir.'

Mr. Allamore shook his head; but before he could open his lips to speak accordingly, Kitty had laid her small fingers on his arm, had lifted her speaking face to his, and pleaded, in a voice that had in it an anxiety too deep for tears—

'Feyther's tryin' so hard to be better, sir. He hezn't been drinkin' for iver so long. Hez he, gran'feyther?'

'Hallo, Aaron, is that you? Why, you are not this little woman's grandfather, are you?'

'Nut be blood, I isn't; but I is by love an' by the Providence o' God. It's a comfort to the lahtle lassie to call me gran'feyther; an' she gets sitch a poor share o' comforts a' ony sort, that she may call me all t' relations in t' Prayer-book if it'll do her ony good. I might as well admit it noo, as well as efter, that she's my lahtle sweetheart. God bless her. I love her dearly.'

The glow and the smile that suddenly kindled in Kitty's face as she put her small, rough, swollen hand into the old man's palm was such an eloquent response that Mr. Allamore, though not used to the melting mood, felt his eyes dimming as he said,

'And she loves you, Aaron, with a love that'll last till death.'

'Ay, and longer!' said Aaron Brigham; then, turning 'an aside' for the contractor's private ear, he said, 'She's a jewel, an' a gem, an' a d'mond, sir, and so you'd say if you knew all I knoa. She's Tom Smart's one hope under God. I hope you'll listen to her.'

'Well, but what about Smart? Do you honestly think there's any chance of his reform?'

'Yes,' said the old man. 'If he hez a fair chance, an' if good folks like you'll help him against hisself, I think he may be saved even yet. That lahtle lassie of his,'—pointing to the 'little mother' by his side,—'hez melted his heart for him, an' he's under sitch good feelin's noo, that I should be thankful if yo'd give him a chance.'

'But I thought Smart was employed by Farmer Barrass. Wouldn't it be better for him to take him on again?'

'If yo' please, sir,' put in the anxious Kitty, 'Farmer Barrass said he didn't want feyther ony mair; an' I wasn't sorry, 'cos he had to go by sae mony public-hooses to get there, that—that—O—I wish there wasn't one i' all Netherborough, that I do!'

'If you'll let feyther work upo' your railway,' continued Kitty, opening her big, round eyes in prospective wonderment of relief, 'he wouldn't ha' to pass mair than one public-hoose, an' he could run past the door and ha' done wi' it! Please, sir, tek feyther on, else what shall I do to get 'm an' the childer bread?' Gran'feyther, come an' help me!'

'Nay, nay, no need of that, my dear. I'll give your father work, little maiden. Let him come as soon as he likes; and, look here, there's half-a-crown for you to get the children something good.' So saying, he laid his hand on the child's head, bade God bless her, and turned hastily away.

Aaron Brigham followed him.

'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'I should like another word wi' yo'. Me an' Kitty's goin' to tek it i' turns to bring her feyther an' fetch him ivery day, that is if yo' don't see ony objection. And if yo' wadn't mind——'

'You would like me to keep an eye on him myself. To be sure I will, Aaron. I hope it will be the turning point of his life. That child of his is a perfect treasure.'

'Ues,' replied Aaron, 'I think she is a fulfilment o' the Lord's prophecy, "A little child shall lead them." At ony rate, Kitty's leadin' her feyther, nut from drink only, but to Jesus Hisself. O, Mr. Allamore, if it wasn't for t' public-hooses, there wad be a chance of heaven eaven for poor, lost Tom Smart! But I'se sadly frightened they'll suck him in.'

Kitty's sky was blue that day, from horizon up to zenith.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Kitty arrived at home, she found her father absent, and for a moment her heart sank within her. Her little sister, however, was able to assure her that Mr. Norwood Hayes had sent for feyther ,to help to store a load of hay that had come to Throstle's Nest, and that feyther would be back soon. So our little, much-encumbered Martha, and her small lieutenant, made the bare house as tidy as circumstances would allow, and the half-crown was changed to provide father with a little relish when he should come home to tea. This, however, did not happen till the evening began to darken, for Alice Hayes had found something else for him to do, and, ultimately, when he did come, and found a cheery fire, and a fresh loaf and a savoury bloater, and some fragrant tea in the spoutless tea-pot, he was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight. And so was Kitty when feyther kissed her, and put into her hands a whole half-crown, which he had received in liberal payment for the work he had done at Throstle's Nest.

After tea, the chilther were put to bed, and the small lieutenant went along with them. Kitty and her father were alone. So she told him all that had happened in the interview with Mr. Allamore. Tom was silent. He heaved a great sigh, and looking at his little lassie, whom he valued now at something near her worth, he said,

'Kitty, my lass, we mun pray.'

I do not think that Tom was suggesting actual prayer there and then. He was impressed with the greatness and the value of the opportunity that had come to him by the kindness of Mr. Allamore, and he was afraid of his own weakness. So he had suggested that they must ask help from God.

But Kitty was practical. So there and then she arose from the little stool on which she had been sitting, waited till her father rose, too, and then knelt by his side, her small hand still lying in his willing palm.

'Say summat, Kitty,' said Tom, who was not learned to devotion.

Said Kitty, 'Jesus, good Jesus, you does help poor little Kitty. Help poor feyther an' all. Do, please! Do! do! do!'

And Tom Smart said, 'Amen!' as well as he could for the choking in his throat, and I don't think he could have said anything better. The angels said of him, 'Behold, he prays!'

And Tom Smart was helped. He went to 'The Works' on the morrow. Mr. Allamore spoke to him kindly, and put him on a job.

Nobody was more highly delighted at the change which had come to Tommy Smart than was Mr. Norwood Hayes. In the course of a conversation with Walter Bardsley, his son-in-law elect, he said: 'By the way, I'm glad to see that man Smart manages to keep himself sober. Well, I'm glad of it. He's a very decent fellow when he keeps away from the drink. Now that's a case,' he added, laying his hand on the arm of the young man, 'where teetotalism is really a good thing. You will do me the justice to own, Walter, that I've never taken up a position in antagonism to total abstinence. For those who need it, it is the most splendid thing in the world, and Tom Smart could not possibly have done a wiser thing except, indeed, to give his heart to God, than to join the Temperance ranks. But, for those who do not need it, say what you like, Walter, it is the abnegation of self-rule. It is an acknowledgment of the total absence of backbone. The power to say, "I will" is one of the most royal gifts of God; and when it comes to this, that you've got to sign your name in a book, or to be afraid to touch a thing lest it becomes your master—well, I call it a cowardly confession of weakness; and the man that has to do it is a mere mollusca, a gelatinous creature that can't stand without leaning, and can't walk without wobbling. Now let me put it this way, Walter, my boy, just for you to look at it fairly. Total Abstinence is a good thing for Tom Smart, therefore total abstinence is a good thing for—Norwood Hayes.'

(To be continued.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Black Sheep.

(John A. Campbell, in the 'Wellspring.')

'You're too young!' cried Fanny.

'I'm fifteen,' said Mabel, stoutly.

'Fifteen! And yet you think you can manage that Junior society, when Miss Mitchell failed?'

'Since there's nobody else to do it, why shouldn't I try?'

Fanny looked at her cousin in surprise. 'I do believe you have made up your mind,' she said. 'It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for those Morse children. The others are docile enough; but Willy and Sally Morse—dear me!' A suggestive shrug of her shoulders followed.

'We cannot expect to have all our children good at the start,' was the prompt answer. 'I've seen naughty girls and boys before now.'

'Oh, but not like those two! Sally and Willy are the worst children in the whole world!' declared Fanny, in a tone of calm conviction that impressed her cousin; and then she proceeded to narrate some of the pranks and escapades of the youthful Morses. From the recital it appeared that Sally and her brother were very black sheep, indeed.

'You'd better give up your plan, Mabel, before they compel you to do so,' said Fanny.

'Oh, but I shall not give it up,' replied Mabel, with the spirit of fifteen years; 'and I must find some way to make those children behave themselves as they ought.'

'When you have found it let me know,' said the skeptic as she ran lightly up the stairs.

But, after all, Mabel's first meeting was a success. The children were quiet and seemed interested. The closing hymn was sung with vigor, as only children can sing, and then the audience dispersed, one or two lingering to gather up the books and pile them on the shelf in the corner.

'Robert,' asked Mabel of one of the small helpers, 'were Sally and Willy Morse here today?'

'Yes'm. In the last row. But they're always good the first Sunday,' was the assurance, given in a tone that was almost apologetic.

'Thank you,' said the superintendent. She pondered deeply all the way home; then she told Fanny that she did have a few fears for meeting number two.

'Did they misbehave?' asked Aunt Ada, kindly.

'Well, Sally took her brother's book away from him and he sat on her gloves,' said Mabel, smiling.

'Just mild preliminaries,' observed Fanny, with a knowing nod. 'So you're timid about next Sunday?'

'I could tell by their eyes that they were taking my measure, as it were,' confessed Mabel. 'I expect an outburst then.'

'Why don't you go with your cousin, Fanny?' inquired Mrs. Mabon.

'Never!' was the laughing retort. 'Past adventures have warned me.'

On the following Sabbath Mabel set boldly out, fortified by a gentle pat on her shoulder from her aunt and a sympathizing glance from Fanny. As she stood at three o'clock in the chapel she confessed to herself with a smile that there were small reasons for fear. Not a child had appeared, and, from the way in which the rain beat upon the roof and dashed against the panes of glass in the six small windows, it looked as though there would be no Junior meeting that day. She went to the front door and peered up and down the road. The turbid torrents on either side of the thoroughfare rushed dismally along, and the trees and bushes sighed as the gusts of wind swept by and shook down more raindrops. The clouds were gray overhead. There was not a boy or a girl to be seen. With a countenance upon which relief and disappointment were alternately written, Mabel hurried indoors and struggled into her waterproof. Then a bright idea flashed through her mind, and she paused for an instant after putting on her plain little cap.

She stepped out upon the rain-swept porch, and shivered as a gust of wind tossed her hair about. 'I'll do it!' she exclaimed, locking the door behind her and raising her umbrella.

Mrs. Deane, the wife of the sexton, lived several blocks down the road, and thither Mabel repaired with the chapel key.

'Do you know,' she asked of the gaunt apparition who answered her knock, 'where the Morses live?'

'The Morses!' echoed Mrs. Deane. 'I thought everybody knew where they live. What with taking apples and flowers that don't belong to 'em, and carrying on more like little savages than respectable children!'—Mrs. Deane, probably referring to Sally and her brother, paused for a moment for a fit conclusion to her sentence, and finding none, demanded, 'You're not going to have anything to do with those youngsters, I hope, miss?'

'I'm the superintendent of the Junior Christian Endeavor society,' said Mabel; 'and I wish to visit them this afternoon, if you will kindly tell me where they live.'

'Oh, certainly! In the gray house at the end of the street,' said Mrs. Deane, closing the door. She opened it in a second to add, 'The one with the front yard that looks as though a cyclone had been through it—a cyclone with a grudge, too!'

After a long, disagreeable walk, Mabel reached the door of the house she sought. She found that Mrs. Deane's tart description of the place was far from inapt. Flower beds, lawn, and gravel walk, were in a sad state of confusion. Mentally quaking, she rang the bell.

Willy himself opened the door. 'Miss Hopewell!' he cried, in amazement.

'Yes, it's I, Willy,' said Mabel, hastily. 'I came to see if you were sick. You were not at the meeting, and they tell me that you are usually quite regular.'

'Did you come all the way here to find that out?' asked Willy; 'honor bright?'

'Honor bright,' said Mabel, and she was totally unprepared for the light that suddenly flashed over the boy's face at the simple announcement.

'Well, no one else ever did.' Then, as a sudden moan sounded through the hall, he added, 'I'm not sick, but Sally is.'

'What is the matter?'

'She's got an awful headache. She often has 'em. She's had this one all day, and I don't know what to do. I'd rather have it myself a hundred times,' declared the boy, and then paused, afraid to betray his feelings any further.

'Where's your mother?'

'She and dad's over to Aunt Maria's for the day, and we're all alone. Sally wasn't up when they went, so they didn't know.'

'Oh, dear!' came in weak tones from the parlor just then.

'Take me in to Sally. Maybe I can help her,' said Mabel, disposing of her cap and cloak.

Willy, with another surprised glance, led her into the room where Sally lay upon the sofa, her sunny curls matted and tangled, her cheeks flushed, and her forehead bound with a strip of white linen.

'Sally, here's Miss Hopewell.'

'The new superintendent?' murmured the little girl, quickly turning to stare at the newcomer. She tried then to sit up as though nothing were the matter with her, but sank once more upon her pillow and commenced to cry.

'Poor child, is it so bad as that?' asked Mabel, tenderly laying her cool fingers upon Sally's temples. 'Willy, bring some vinegar and cold water, and a comb and brush and another pillow. We'll try to make her more comfortable.'

Willy hurried away and Mabel sat down by the sofa and stroked the sufferer's forehead. When the boy returned with the desired articles he found his sister gazing quietly up into the visitor's eyes as Mabel skilfully smoothed the heated pillow. A look of relief passed over his face.

'Here they are, Miss Hopewell.'

'Now,' she replied, after thanking him, 'we'll have everything arranged in a jiffy, and then I'll tell you a nice long story that I once read to my own little cousin when he was ill.'

The tumbled curls of the invalid were carefully brushed back and loosely bound with a dark ribbon that Willy rescued from a dim corner; the bandage, moistened with the vinegar and water, was again tied round Sally's white brow, and the extra pillow was placed in position. Sally heaved a long sigh of content.

'That's lovely,' she murmured.

'Is it?' asked Mabel, smiling. Then, after raising the end window to admit some fresh air, she drew a rocker up to the side of the couch, and, while she fanned Sally, told a long and absorbing story, to which Willy also listened with flattering interest.

It was half-past five when the tale was finished. A glance through the curtained windows showed that the rain had ceased.

'Now, let's have supper,' said the superintendent, brightly. 'We'll have tea and toast.' She felt safe in mentioning such modest fare.

'Tea and toast!' cried Willy. 'I can't cook! Ma left some milk and cold meat for us, and a pie; only Sally and I ate the pie before she got her headache.'

'Oh, I'll make the toast and tea,' said Mabel, wondering, as she looked into the boy's clear brown eyes, how her cousin could have called him 'an ugly little scapegrace.'

'And then I'll stay with you till your parents come back. You said they'd be back at eight o'clock, didn't you?'

'Yes'm,' said Willy, leading the way into the kitchen, where he eagerly watched the preparation for supper. 'Miss Hopewell,' he began, and then paused, his eyes restlessly roaming from one article of furniture to another in the shabby little room.

'Well, Willy?'

'Do you know you're the only one that ever stopped one of Sally's headaches?'

'Oh, I don't believe it has gone yet! It only feels easier,' said Mabel, buttering the thin, brown slices of toast. She waited anxiously for her companion's next words, but he was silent.

The cosy meal of that evening was long remembered with pleasure by each one of the little group that gathered about the table. The feast was spread within a convenient distance of the sofa, and Sally lay in delightful ease, nibbling her toast and sipping her tea, while her brother and Miss Hopewell chatted about Junior doings.

'Yes,' said the latter, 'next Sunday I mean to bring some pencils to the meeting, and I hope I shall be able to find somebody to sharpen them for me.'

'Oh, I can sharpen pencils,' said Willy.

'Then I'll turn them over to you.'

'Do you want anyone to hand round the Bibles to the boys and girls? I can do that, too.'

'Very well,' said Mabel, and wondered what her cousin would think to see and hear the two black sheep then.

'There they are now,' said Willy, suddenly, as his quick ears caught the sound of oncoming wheels.'

'I must go,' declared Mabel. 'The people at home will be wondering where I am keeping myself all these hours.'

She kissed Sally, who had fallen asleep and hurried into the hall after her wraps. Just as the carriage drove round to the house she opened the front door and stepped out upon the starlit veranda. Willy wished to walk home with her, but this offer she declined. She shook hands, however.

'Miss Hopewell,' said the boy, 'I'm glad we've got you for superintendent.' Then the door closed abruptly.

The Edgeville Junior Society prospered, and not long after the stormy Sunday the minister's wife called upon Mrs. Mabon. Both Fanny and Mabel were in the room.

'It is the strangest thing that you have succeeded so well with the boys and girls,' said the visitor to Mabel.

'Oh, the black sheep are turning white,' put in Fanny, with a laugh, 'and the others follow their lead, you know. Mother, tell the story of that rainy Sunday; you never tire of repeating it.'

Her mother smiled and told it.

'Well,' said the minister's wife, 'the new

superintendent has found a precious charm. That is the secret.'

'Precious, indeed,' retorted Mabel, archly, 'but not at all expensive!'

Winter Work in Labrador.

Those who read that letter of Dr. Grenfell's about the running of the 'Witness' launch will remember his mention of its volunteer engineer, Mr. Cushing. Mr. Cushing a Montrealer, who has been doing yeoman service on the launch just for the sake of his interest in the work. During these winter months, however, when the launch could not run, he found there was plenty to do. One of his letters gives some idea of how the time is filled in:—

'My latest achievement has been the erecting of a telegraph line across the harbor on the ice, a distance of half a mile, to where the postmaster lives. The natives think it a very wonderful affair. I have a class in telegraphy one night a week; at present there are seven coming, and possibly more will come later on; of course, I had to learn to telegraph myself first, and have managed to pick it up fairly well; it is quite interesting, and is bringing the inhabitants a little more in touch with civilization. We have drawn up a petition to the House of Assembly here, and are having it signed by all the people along the coast, to have a line run up through this district. I think it quite probable that it will be successful; if so, it will be a great thing for the country.

'I am also having an engineering class every Thursday night. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights there is a night school conducted by Dr. Grenfell's secretary, Mr. Jones. Whenever possible, I assist at this class; it seems funny to be teaching a man of 22 or 23 to read and write.'

But Mr. Cushing's account of his first komatik trip is especially interesting to our boys who have built the Komatiks for Harrington, and are paying for dogs and driver this winter:

'I took my first drive with the dogs the other day to Great Brehat, to hold the Christmas tree there. It is about eight miles north of here, but unfortunately the sleighing was not good, as we had had a fall of snow, so we were an hour and a half going, there being two of us and a box containing my gramophone and Father Christmas outfit. We had seven dogs, which had more work to do than I would care to do, but they like it immensely, and it is hard work to make them stand when in harness, for they are continually pulling, tugging and barking; it is very exciting when you go flying down a steep hill covered with rocks and trees, and a very crooked patch to try and follow, then all of a sudden the dogs go out of sight, and the first thing you know the komatik seems to be taking a dive, for it fairly lands on its nose, and you think, as Pat did, 'that every moment will be your next.' However, you come out all right, and find the dogs still pulling you on the gallop. You look back to see what happened, and you wonder that you are still alive, for there seems to be a straight up and down wall. Komatiking beats the Park slide all hollow, and you do not have to haul your komatik back again. Ten dogs are counted a nice team, although four or five dogs can pull two men easily at a good rate on good roads.'

This gives us some idea of how a komatik behaves, not, of course, when there is a patient on board. Do you realize that our Komatiks are the only means Dr. Hare has of reaching the sick and suffering, for hundreds of miles around Harrington.

Mrs. Mead's Experiment.

(Grace Ethelwyn Cody, in 'Youth's Companion.')

If you could know Mrs. Mead, with her sweet dignity and well-bred manner of speech, this story would mean much more to you than I can hope to make it signify. And Sadie, too—one really needs to see her flower-like face and dainty self in order to believe that a girl who used such language could be otherwise than coarse and commonplace.

Mr. Mead is a stern man in appearance, but one who seldom rebukes his children, except in some impersonl way. When he pronounces a neat little epigram, with his eyes fixed on nobody in particular, the family know exactly what he means, and the lesson is apt to be taken as he intends. When, as rarely happens, he feels that a direct reproof is called for, a few mild words from him go far.

As a rule his method is a good one, but there have been crises in the Mead history when Mr. Mead, method and all, was ineffective. Then he left his wife to win or lose the day alone, as best she could.

Sadie was just eighteen years old when she returned from a year at school—never mind where; telling would be unkind—to her home in a small town of northern Wisconsin.

She was a slender, refined-looking girl, with large brown eyes and waving hair and just a touch of pink showing through the transparent fairness of her complexion. She looked poetic, but she talked—slang.

Hers was not the ordinary, occasional slang, but a constant, ever-ready stream. That year at school had given her a vocabulary, the range of which caused both of her younger brothers to open eyes of astonishment and, as she expressed it, 'take a back seat for her without a murmur.'

Mr. Mead was horrified. He made valuable remarks on the evils of the habit, until his children knew all he had to say by heart; but his valuable remarks had no effect on Sadie.

Mrs. Mead was distressed. She talked to Sadie seriously. Sadie promised faithfully to 'make a try' at doing better, but after a little slang again abounded in her talk. Mrs. Mead believed that somewhere, deep in Sadie's heart, so deep perhaps that she herself did not know that it existed, was an idea that her way of talking was rather clever, after all.

As soon as Mrs. Mead reached this conclusion she began to plan a revelation for her daughter; and everything conspired to help her.

That very evening Sadie came in in great excitement, and late for tea. Some one had asked her whether they could entertain at their home the professor of English Literature, who was to give the next course of University Extension lectures at the church.

'It's just for one night, you know, mamma,' she explained. 'He comes once a week for six weeks, and a different family has him every time. Of course I said we would. The rest of the girls are all green-eyed about it. Judging by his picture, he's a peach!'

She had taken her place at the table while she was speaking. Her brother Hal, who sat opposite, looked up with a smile.

'He's handsomer than the last lecturer, is he, Sade?' he asked.

'Well, I should howl!' said Sadie, in a sweet, musical voice.

Mr. Mead looked at his daughter for a moment.

'You had better go outdoors to do it,' was all he said.

But because he said it, the event was tragic, Every one looked aghast, and Sadie left the table to cry away the evening in her own room.

After that, for a full week, Sadie said so little in her father's presence, and said that little so well, that he began to think her habit cured. But in reality, she was only keeping back her slang while he was near.

The day came when the professor of English Literature was expected at their house. Sadie happened to be out when he arrived, and did not see the meeting between him and her mother, or she would have been as much surprised as was Professor Hamill himself, when he discovered that Mrs. Mead was an old school friend of whom he had lost sight for many years.

After a little chat, Mrs. Mead cautioned her husband and the professor not to mention before the children that they had met before, explaining her request by unfolding in a lowered tone a little plan that she had just formed.

When she had finished, her husband said, 'Capital, my dear, only I fear you can't carry it through successfully,' while Professor Hamill, with a twinkle in his dark eyes that denied the gray of his moustache and hair, looked straight at Mrs. Mead, and said:

'Now I am sure that you are the same Jennie Ewing I used to know!'

At that moment Sadie came modestly into the room. Her pretty manner and gentle voice seemed to fill Professor Hamill with surprise. He looked at her and looked at her again, in a wondering way, as if he did not quite believe his eyes.

Sadie, conscious of his gaze, could not suppress a feeling of satisfaction in attracting so much attention from this distinguished-looking gentleman, and when, a little later, her mother excused herself and left Sadie with her father to entertain their guest, she was very careful that her language should deserve no criticism. She felt the professor's eyes resting upon her more than once with what seemed to her increasing approbation.

When they were gathered around the table, spread with snowy damask and decked with the daintiest china and shiniest silver, Sadie found herself pitying the other girls, who could not have Professor Hamill at their house. She quite plumed herself upon the sweet picture he would carry away with him of their little home. The table was pretty; the boys were looking handsome and behaving well; the conversation was agreeable—altogether, she reflected, everything was at its very best.

At that instant she was startled from her revery by her mother's voice.

'But, seriously, Professor Hamill,' she was saying, 'speaking of the "Tempest," isn't it a good deal of a fake to try and make out that Shakespeare meant so much by that simple little song he has the fairies sing? Not but what I think Shakespeare is 'way up,—I consider him the daisy writer of the world,—but it does make me tired to have people search out meanings that he never put there, that's all!'

Sadie glanced quickly at her father, whose eyes were fixed upon his plate, then at her mother, who seemed all unconscious of having said anything unusual.

Professor Hamill answered Mrs. Mead gravely.

'Oh, of course,' said she, when he had finished. 'You're a whirler when it comes to argument and no mistake, but you know there's something in what I was saying, all the same!'

Hal choked at that word 'whirler' from his mother's lips. He tried to smother his laughter with a cough, but failed. Then he excused himself and left the table, followed ignominiously by Frank, whose face was purple.

'The boys appear to be all broken up over something,' remarked their mother, calmly. 'I used to have those fits of laughter at the most unheard-of times when I was young. I remember once in church, especially, when I laughed so I thought I'd hurt myself.'

Sadie almost gasped. She, for one, felt no desire to laugh. Her color came and went. At one moment she was covered with mortification; at the next she believed her mother to have lost her reason. Then, filled with hot anger at the unkindness of it all, she gazed reproachfully at Mrs. Mead, only to be thrown back upon herself by that lady's sweet unconsciousness.

But through and over all ran the sense of shame at the knowledge that Professor Hamill's high opinion of them all was rapidly being brought to nothing.

Mrs. Mead, meanwhile, talked almost constantly, and scarcely uttered the shortest sentence without using some bit of slang.

She remarked on this thing or the other that 'made her wrists ache'; she spoke of a book she had been reading which 'wasn't half bad,' and another that was 'immense.' She lamented the fact that a certain person was 'a little off,' and mentioned another who, she said, was 'strictly in it.' Once she even answered something the professor said with 'Now you're shouting! That's exactly what I think.'

Then she turned to Sadie.

'Why, my dear,' she said, 'you aren't eating a little bit. Try some of your cake—the chocolate is the best—it's out of sight!'

Sadie had never felt anything like the horror it gave her to have those expressions of her own come tripping from her mother's careful tongue. She was thankful when her father finally suggested that it was growing rather late.

'That's what,' said Mrs. Mead, rising from the table. 'We'll have to get a hustle on us if we mean to be on time at the lecture. Come, Sadie.'

Sadie lingered, and Mrs. Mead let her husband and the professor pass into the other room without her. Then, 'Come, Sadie,' she said again.

Sadie's face was buried in her handkerchief.

'O Mamma Mead!' she sobbed. 'How could you do it—oh! how could you?'

'That is what I feel like saying every day to you, Sadie.'

'Oh—but at such a time! What did he—could he think? It disgraced us—it just disgraced us!'

'And that is what I often feel like saying to you.'

'But, mamma, if you knew how coarse it sounded!'

'I do know—you have shown me.'

'Oh, but I don't care for myself! If I had done it! But to have any one think that you talk so—that's the part I can't endure!'

'And that, too, is what I have felt like saying to you, over and over again, my child!'

'No, mamma, no! I know it's horrible in me, but it sounds so much worse in you—in any one of your age! I'm sure it does.'

'But unless you stop, dear child, you will be talking that way at my age, yourself.'

Sadie was silent for a little while. Then she suddenly lifted up her tear-stained face.

'I'm done with slang, forever,' she resolved.

Mrs. Mead bent down and kissed her. She felt sure the promise would be kept, this time.

Later, when Sadie knew about the plot, and how the professor had been warned of what was coming, she only said, 'It's all right, anyway. I'm glad they did it! I never knew what a dreadful thing slang was, until that night, It was a perfect eye-opener—I mean revelation—to me!'

Jimmy Glad Legs.

(Harriet T. Comstock, in the 'Christian Register.')

It was pretty Miss Rose of the neighborhood kindergarten who named him that. It was a much prettier name than Jimmy Murphy, and it suited him exactly. Jimmy's legs fairly twinkled, and to see him run an errand was a sight never to be forgotten! He went as if he loved to go; and there were many who eyed him with contempt, and a few with pity.

'Corse!' sneered Billy Walden, 'if you are always listening to calls and always a-dashing off before folks get through talking to you, corse you'll have to be always agoin'!'

'And,' piped up Tilly Wiley, who was as deaf as a post when anyone called her, 'corse your legs will ache. Folks ain't got no pity on any legs but their own.'

'I don't care!' Jimmy laughed. 'The one is in me, and my legs have to mind!'

Sometimes, at night, as he rubbed the glad little legs, he nodded dreamily and felt that, with all the ache, much fun had come, and it paid—it paid.

If Miss Rose wanted an errand, of course she called upon Jimmy, and, if old Dr. Smith wanted his horse held, he called upon Jimmy; and so it was 'Jimmy, Jimmy!' up and down the alley, and always those glad little legs flying to obey.

Pennies came to Jimmy as a matter of course, and he carried them proudly enough to his hard-working mother; but I truly think the 'Thank you, Jimmy,' of pretty Miss Rose he loved best of all.

Then the 'go' inside of Jimmy was his heart. That heart of his was as glad as his legs, and it gathered all the sunlight out of life, never the clouds! And he was such a merry soul that he shed sunshine wherever he went. There was always a joke on the laughing lips, and to see the freckles twitch and flicker on the honest face was quite enough to make the grimmest person laugh in pure sympathy. Jimmy could have more fun with one broken roller skate than anyone else managed to get out of a pair of good ones. Down the alley he would send, arms flying, unwheeled foot balancing, and the laugh ringing joyously.

'Gee!' he once said to Miss Rose, 'it just tickles me to think that if I can have all this fun with one skate, what would I have with two!'

And at Christmas—before Miss Rose came to the kindergarten—no one ever thought about making Jimmy happy, so he saw to it himself. 'It's just as good—almost,' he had said, 'to have Christmas late. Least, it's better than nothing.' So he kept his eyes open for the first Christmas tree that was thrown out into the back lot upon which opened the rear doors of the better class houses on Deal Street. When Jimmy saw the discarded tree, his eyes shone. He seized it for his own. He hauled it to the alley, and set it up in a safe corner, and then the belated fun began. He invited the lame, the halt, and—yes—blind Beppo, the little Italian boy; and they all came to Jimmy's tree. No child seemed too poor to bring a gift; for, where value failed, imagination supplied the lack, and Tilly's piece of green grass became an emerald of size and price worthy a kingly receiver. Around that tree they had laughed and danced, exchanged gifts, and been gloriously happy. But that was before Miss Rose came. Afterward there was always a tree in the sunny kindergarten room, and real gifts! 'This is better!' Jimmy cried, dancing about on those legs of his. 'But, any way, Miss Rose, if you ain't got nothing, it's good to know how to make yourself think you have!'

'It is, indeed, Jimmy,' smiled Miss Rose; 'it is a heavenly gift. Sometimes'—and here Miss Rose looked tenderly in the small, freckled face—'sometimes I think you are going to be a great hero some day, or accomplish a big thing, you are so quick to make the most of every bit of life.'

'Gee!' And Jimmy dimpled all over. 'I'll try, Miss Rose; but if I don't get to be a hero or nothing, I'm going to keep on acting as if I thought I was.' And so Jimmy ran his glad way. He learned quickly and soon was promoted to the 'upper class.' Miss Rose's sister taught that, and she was almost as nice as Miss Rose—not quite, of course, for Miss Rose was the first who brought joy to many of those neglected little children—and they are very faithful down in the alley.

When Jimmy Glad Legs was seven, something happened to him, something very awful! Just at first dear Miss Rose thought it had ended all chance of Jimmy being a hero or 'something.' But Miss Rose did not know. Out of the gloom Jimmy was to come forth a real hero indeed, and do a 'great thing'—or at least show other people how to do it, which is sometimes greater.

Dr. Smith drove into the alley one day, and in his carriage was the dearest little girl one ever saw. The children gathered to look at her, and just then Dr. Smith, who was a great man in the alley, called out very loudly, 'Jimmy! Jimmy!' Jimmy came like a dart. He had been running on an errand for old Mrs. Miles, and so was not in the group at the curb.

'Here I am, sir!' he panted.

'Well, Jimmy, I could not trust anyone but you this morning. Hold my horse, please; and, mind, you don't let go; for I've got a treasure inside!' Then he winked in jolly fashion and the children laughed. So Jimmy Glad Legs seized the bridle of the big black horse, and stood his ground. He looked at the little girl in the carriage; and, when she nodded at him, he blushed furiously. Then he looked again. That time the 'treasure' wafted a kiss to him, and the curbites jeered. Poor Jimmy's sufferings were intense, but he shuffled from one glad leg to the other—and held on!'

'Aren't you 'fraid of horses?' asked the small inmate of the carriage.

'Nope,' said Jimmy, wriggling. 'Are you?'

'I—I was—dreffful—but I am not now, because you've got hold.' This time the audience refrained from jeering, and Jimmy tingled unnoticed. Then presently:

'You're a nice boy!' This came after long deliberation.

Billy was on the point of making a personal remark to Tilly, but it died upon his lips. A sound stilled him, a sound that everywhere is heard with a thrill, but in the alley is greeted with wild enthusiasm. 'Fire! fire!' yelled Billy; and the curbites were in the van of the oncoming engine. With gong and shout the avalanche bore down the street. The black horse reared, and tried to fling the little restraining hand. The child in the carriage screamed, and clung with unconscious wisdom to the seat.

'Oh, boy, boy!' she sobbed, 'don't let go!'

Dr. Smith heard the tumult and dashed down the tenement stairs only to see the maddened horse tearing down the alley with Jimmy clinging to the bridle. The glad legs helped in that awful hour. Those nimble legs ran as they had never run before. Courage shone from the frightened eyes, although the glad heart was throbbing wildly.

'Don't let go—boy!' screamed the little girl. And now her pretty face was terrible to see.

'I won't!' shouted Jimmy; but no one heard. He clung and he ran. Sometimes the feet were on the ground, sometimes those willing legs were dragged aloft, and so they dashed by the kindergarten, and dear Miss Rose was just going in!

'It—is—Jimmy Glad Legs!' she cried in horror. Of course it would have been just the same had any other child held to that frenzied horse; but somehow, in the first moment, there was added torture in the knowledge that it was Jimmy.

Then the black horse, mad with fear, and tossing his head to free himself of the burden that hampered him, dashed into a post! Jimmy was flung far ahead in the street. The horse turned and ran on—on and over the small prostrate form! But stronger hands clutched the animal now; a big soothing voice comforted the child in the carriage. The crowd pressed close, and Dr. Smith knelt, and picked up—Jimmy!

He felt all over the little still body until—And just then a sweet voice sobbed:

'Doctor!—O Doctor!—is—it his legs?' Dr. Smith looked at pretty Miss Rose and said softly:

'It is his legs!'

Poor little would-be hero! Poor little chap who had longed to do so much! He lay limp and still in the big doctor's arms. Perhaps not even the chance of making believe he was going to be a great hero was his. Who knew? Well, they took him to the hospital, and there was a long, dreary time. It was wonderful to see, during those weary weeks, how everyone remembered Jimmy. And legs that

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had nvet run gladly before ran eagerly enough to serve him now.

The doctor's little girl sent flowers and fruit, and sometimes she came to see him. So afraid was Jimmy that she would feel sad about him that he made funny faces, and tried to joke in a queer, far-away voice. Miss Rose came to read to him, and the children of the alley brought strange and weird offerings to him. And so the weeks passed into months, and at last the verdict came:

'Jimmy will never walk again!' So they took him home to the dreary back tenement; and he—brave little soul!—began with all his might and main to make the best of things. They did not forget him, and Dr. Smith grimly set his lips and told Miss Rose he had not given up hope yet. But Miss Rose never saw those still little legs without her heart arching anew.

'Jimmy,' she said, 'think dear, what in all the world do you want most?'

Jimmy thought a moment. He was beginning to think a good deal.

'Why, Miss Rose, you see,' he smiled, and the freckles did not twinkle now, 'I wish all the poor children who can't ever walk or nothing could get to your school and learn things that help—things that make them feel better when they can't go out. I just lie here and think of how the schoolroom looks, and I can read—and remember, and—they ain't got nothing!'

'Why—why Jimmy!' gasped Miss Rose. 'And do you want nothing for yourself?'

'Yes'm. I want a big waggon that I can drive myself. And I want to go around and pick up the lame kids, and bring them to you, so you can remember when they get back to their rooms. And—and sometimes I'd take them to the—park!' Jimmy paused. The park had been his heaven. His glad legs had often carried him there. A sob almost choked him.

'Miss Rose, lots of them aint ever seen the park, and they can't think it out like what I can. I can shut my eyes and—and see—you—and the park any time I want to; but they aint got nothing!'

Dear little Jimmy! And that very evening Miss Rose, with her sweet voice breaking, told the story to some ladies.

'Why, I've heard of Jimmy from Dr. Smith,' said one. 'He is the hero who clung to the horse, and saved Marjorie, the little granddaughter of the doctor.'

From that moment Jimmy's beautiful desire took root. Some rich ladies began to think that the poor crippled children of the tenements had indeed very little chance to gather sweet thoughts wherewith to make glad the long, dreary time. And then one fair spring day—never mind what happened in between—a big carriage, with seats for ten little bodies, drove up to Jimmy's house. It was Dr. Smith who went up and carried Jimmy down.

'I'll lend you my glad legs, Jimmy man,' whispered the doctor. And Jimmy laughed softly. The driver of the carriage took Jimmy beside him, and drove on. One by one they gathered up nine more little cripples—children whom the hospitals could not aid, children left to their fate! Pale little shadows they were, with eyes that bore no happy memories in their sadness. Out from their forgotten crannies they were taken to the carriage, then through the soft spring sunshine they were driven to—Miss Rose. She gathered her crushed blossoms into the sunlit room. Her eyes were shining, and she could only look at Jimmy, but her eyes told him much!

Little by little hope dawned in the sad eyes of the newcomers; and out of her great love and yearning Miss Rose gave them something to remember, something to carry back to the gloomy homes. There were the luncheons! What wonders they were! And there were the drives to the park, and the country when little backs, twisted hips, and lame legs got stronger. Such memory-filling times as they were! And Jimmy was the unconscious hero of it all—he and Miss Rose.

Dr. Smith says—and hardly does Miss Rose dare to believe it—but Dr. Smith says that Jimmy's legs are going to be glad again some day.

'O!' almost cried Miss Rose, who had learned a good deal from Jimmy, 'I hope so! Oh, I hope so! But, anyway, doctor, nothing while life lasts can take his glad heart from him; that is his earthly heritage.'

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Don't Let the Boys Fail for Want of a Cheer.

Tom belonged to a settlement school, and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.

He was a sturdy little athlete, and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course, Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then, to the surprise of every one, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

'Why, Tom, what was the matter?' asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob.

'Tell me what happened, Tom.'

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

'I started all right, you know——'

'But when I got half-way there the boys began to call, "Go it, Jimmy, you're second." "Hustle, Jim, you're gaining." "Run, Johnny, run; you're most up to him." But nobody said, "Go it, Tom," and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go'; and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.—'The American Boy.'

Everyone Can Help.

A good woman was getting ready a missionary box to be sent to some heathen land, and as her little boy played in the room, she thought of heathen children and told him about them.

'Harry,' she said, 'would you like to help, too?'

Harry had a cent he was going to buy a top with, and he said, 'I'll do without the top and send the cent.' His mother had a cent tract bought and told the missionary thousands of miles off about Harry's top that he would not get. Long had the missionary tried to lead that tribe to believe in Christ, instead of idols. The chief was hard to influence. But the missionary told him about Harry's gift, and as he had boys of his own, he knew how they loved play. He took the tract and it was read to him. It led him to Christ, and he led the tribe to the Saviour. They gave up idols and worshipped God. Don't you wish you had some money invested that bore such fruit? Deny yourself and send some to those in need.—Jane B. Bristow, in the 'Advocate and Guardian.'

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The Companionable Wife.

A Frenchman said recently, 'Let every woman have two hours a day of serious mental occupation, during which the faculties of her mind will regain their balance, all their powers will be systematized, her tired head will be rested and her good sense and judgment will regain their empire, and peace will dwell in her agitated heart.' Every housekeeper knows the truth of his words. The care of the home may be a delightful occupation, but it ought not to exclude every other interest. There can be no happiness for a woman with brain and imagination in a life that limits her to mere domestic drudgery. Every housekeeper should study herself and learn her 'one talent'—for she surely has one—and turn to its development as a relief. By so doing she brings added happiness to her family as well as to herself. The least companionable wife is the one wholly occupied by household cares, as all men know in their souls.—'Australian Paper.'

The Care of the Teeth.

(Alice L. Spencer, in 'Health-Culture.')

It is of the utmost importance to keep the teeth and mouth in perfect condition, for more depends upon them than most of us realize. Too much care cannot be given to children's teeth. The infant's mouth should be daily wiped out with a soft linen cloth, with warm water, and after the teeth appear they should be jealously watched and kept scrupulously clean. If teeth should show a tendency to become yellow or otherwise discolored carefully rub them with a freshly charred end of a match.

It is important that children have proper food when their teeth are forming, especially the second set, so that the system may be supplied with the necessary elements to make perfect teeth. Too much candy and sweets are often responsible for decayed teeth in children. Take good care of the children's teeth, and it will help them to have one of earth's greatest blessings.

Children should be taught the importance of cleansing their teeth after every meal and be given hard food to chew as the teeth need this exercise.

Natives of countries where a great deal of hard food is eaten keep their teeth until old age. It is largely due to the fact of highly civilized people using much soft food that their teeth decay so early in life.

The selection of a tooth-brush is of importance. Never economize when choosing one. The best is none too good. It is a good idea to have two kinds; one with even bristles that have been cut across so as to leave little points that will make it easier to clean the rough surfaces and spaces between the teeth. Each tooth must have special attention, on top, all sides, and close to the gum. The wisdom teeth are the most difficult to reach and are apt to be the softest, therefore extra care should be given them.

A very stiff brush at first may scratch the gums, but they will soon get used to it and become hardened. The hard bristles only will keep the teeth clean.

Once a month is none too often to expect to have a new brush, for they wear out sooner than is generally supposed. Then the brushes must be kept clean and not allowed to accumulate powder and impurities from the mouth. An occasional dip in boiling water will help keep them pure. Always rinse them very thoroughly after using.

In brushing the teeth, work the brush up and down as well as across them. After the outside has been brushed, clean the inside in the same manner, especially the back ones.

After all this has been done and it seems as if every bit of each tooth has been touched, it is surprising to see how much can still be removed by drawing dental floss up and down between the teeth. It is in these out of the way places that dentists find cavities Last of all, rinse them by sucking the water between the teeth.

If they become yellow or otherwise discolored after all this care, a little powdered pumice stone can be carefuly used by slightly moistening an orangewood stick so the pumice will stick to it, then rub the discoloration with it.

An antiseptic mouth wash, such as Listerine, should be used occasionally after brushing the teeth, which sweetens the breath and is very refreshing.

Modern dentistry is attaining such heights that the care and preservation of the teeth is becoming almost an art. Beautiful teeth add very much to the looks of a person, but more important than this is the aid they are to health. Fine physique, a good complexion, the power of work, even life itself, is dependent upon the action of the teeth in reducing food to a proper condition for stomach digestion.

Correspondence

P., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have seen letters of other boys and girls in the 'Messenger,' and thought I would like to write. There are hardly any trees around here; it is all prairie. There are two hundred people here. I have three sisters and four brothers, two older than myself. I am nine years old. We have a horse, a colt, a cow and a calf. We call our colt Captain, our horse Maud, and our cow Star, but we have not named our calf.

KENNETH McNICOL.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm one mile from K. Our house is on the bank of the Castore river. In summer we fish and bathe, while in winter we skate and play hockey. There is a lot of snow here this winter. We live half a mile from school. I go to school every day, and am in the junior fourth book. We live three and a half miles from the railway. K. is a very nice place. There are two churches, two blacksmith's shops, a large temperance house, a saw-mill, grist-mill, cheese factory, two stores, and a lot of nice dwelling houses. There are also a high school, public school, two large furniture shops, and a large hall.

CHARLES W. PORTEOUS (aged 10).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope you are enjoying this weather, although it is hardly possible to enjoy it, with mud and water about a foot deep. Perhaps it is not so bad in the towns, but it is terrible in the country. Still, you have one satisfaction, for after the rains and floods of spring comes the summer, with its warm days (sometimes too warm), and pretty flowers and plants. I think Gulliver had wonderful adventures. We once had a book about Gulliver among the Liliputians, but it got torn up before I was old enough to read it. Nevertheless, I remember some of the pictures, which were very comical. Quite a number of the correspondents say they like reading. I agree with them, and would like to read more than I do, but my time is nearly all taken up with school studies. I have lately read 'David Copperfield,' and think it a very interesting story. I am now reading 'A Daughter of Heth,' by Wm. Black.

Some correspondents talk about pets, but, dear me, my pets always die or run away before I have had them long enough to get acquainted with them. I once had three little kittens, two black and white, and one grey. I liked the black and white ones best, but sad to say, they both died one night, and the grey one ran away. We afterwards found it, but it soon died, also.

I wish 'Chatterbox' would write again; I enjoy her letters so much.

Our school intends getting a library, but I don't suppose they will get it before I leave, which is at summer holidays.

Some of the girls talk about their dolls. I have one eleven years old, and I like it better than any of my other dolls.

'SNOWDROP.'

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the 'Messenger' stories, especially 'Gulliver's Adventures among the Giants.' We have a dog named Don. He likes to play, for we get our sleds, and he will take hold of the rope and pull us. We hold a piece of meat in the air, and he will roll over or speak in his own language, the barking language. I go to school every day. I would rather go to school than stay at home. I am in the Principal's room.

GRAY CUNNINGHAM.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Gray, and the answers you give are not the right ones.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister and two brothers, and a little kittie, that I call Topsy. My papa has a large farm, a saw mill, a store and a post office. We had no school to go to until about a year ago they built one two miles away. I just went about six months.

MINNIE MAY HADLEY.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school regularly, and am in the second book, and I like going to school. I am seven years old. My father is a doctor. We live in W., which is a very small place, but very pretty in summer. I am fond of reading.

LAURA I. NAIRN.

Dear Editor,—I go to school nearly every day, and am in grade four. I am thirteen years old, and have two sisters and a brother; they are all younger than myself. We live in the town of Pipestone. There is only one church here, and that is the Presbyterian. I think they are going to build a Methodist church. We have Sunday school in the church every Sunday at half-past one, and I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday there. In Pipestone there are four elevators, and a hotel, two grocery stores, handware store, three machinery shops, and one furniture store.

MATILDA FALCONER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Lamp.' Annie Archibalt (aged 11), A., N.S.
2. 'Boat.' Harry Young (aged 9), C., Ont.
3. 'Cup and Saucer.' Mina C. Cameron, L. B., N.S.
4. 'My Pet Bird.' Blanche Serviss (aged 12), L., Kans.
5. 'Pig.' Robina Johnson (aged 10), V., N.S.
6. 'Brownie.' Morley Mitchell (aged 8), A., Ont.
7. 'Maple Tree.' Charles Greer, H., Ont.
8. 'Our House.' Leon Speck (aged 9), L. B., Ont.
9. 'Little Pussy.' V. E. Taylor (aged 11), C., N.S.
10. 'Owl.' Wilmer McArter (aged 12), H., Man.
11. 'My Pet.' Lena B. Hicks, M.S., N.B.
12. 'Skipping Girl.' Irene Paarker, N. G., N.S.
13. 'Begging.' Archie Brien (aged 13).
14. 'Map.' Annie Henry (aged 11), S., N.B.
15. 'Antelope.' Violet (aged 13), B., Sask.
16. 'My Pet Kitten.' —— M., N. B.
17. 'A Buggy.' Charles Taylor (aged 12); W., Ont.
18. 'Book.' Snow-flake, H., Ont.
19. 'Easter Chick.' David McGregor (aged 8), P., Ont.
20. 'Rose.' H. L. Kaiser (aged 11), P. B., N.S.
21. 'Friends.' 'Ruby Stone,' S. S., Ont.
22. 'Woman's Head.' Ferfn Inman, P. R.
23. 'Our Scotch Collie.' Mira M. Sargent (aged 11), C., N.S.
24. 'The Rivals.' Reginald F. Coles (aged 10), M., Que.

OTHER LETTERS.

Harold Hall., P., Ont., has been attending Business College in the busy town near which he lives. He gives answers to two riddles, but only one is correct: that to Anna Jean Robson's riddle (April 5)—a lamp-lighter.

M. L. Wilson, of H., Ont., also lives in a home to be proud of. The riddle enclosed has been asked before. Thanks for the compliments so generously given.

Minota Stauffer, B., Ont., lives in a town, but would rather live in the country, she says. We are glad to welcome you to our circle, Minota. The riddles you send have been asked before.

Hazel Wagg, S. B., Ont., lives on a hill near a lake. What a lovely view there must be from her home.

Reubina Nordine, W. P. Que., says 'We have a splendid view. We can look the village all over.' We are always glad to hear that our girls and boys are quick to see the beauties around them. We hope your little visitor will have a nice time, Reubine.

Mina Macdonald, H., Man., says her grandma owns twin calves. Are they much alike, Mina? Glad you like the Children's Page.

Jennie M. Cameron, S., N.S., asks two riddles, but they have been given before. Jennie writes very well.

Here is another good penman. Alton Lee Richer, R., N.S., says, 'We have a big white rooster who chases me whenever I go near him.' Fourteen Easter eggs on Easter morning! Whatever did you do with them all, Alton?

Zelda Hartling, Q., H. C., N.S., asks several riddles that have, however, been asked before. She got a certificate for repeating memory verses.

Gracie Goforth, M., Ont., won one of our premium brooches. She says they have had a fine winter, but it's very muddy now. That's a common complaint this time of the year, isn't it?

Hazel Murray, B., Ont., asks a riddle that has been previously given, and sends in an answer which, while quite true, is not quite correct.

Jean L. McCulloch, L. O., N.S., thinks the robins and other birds returning north must find it very cold. They have warm feather coats, Jean, and are not at all fearful about Spring's not coming, but it is likely they'll be as glad as yourself to see the flowers.

Ivy La Rose, W., Ont., has a big doll dressed in blue silk.

John E. White, S., Ont., has just one brother, and he is only four month's old. However, he has a little kitty that makes a good playmate.

Elaine Stewart, A., Ont., says she is able to guess nearly all the riddles. Yes, indeed, the country is beautiful in summer, Elaine.

Melville V. W., U., Ont., says, 'We have a cat named "Row." My little nephew, George, named it that, because it was such a terrible cat to scratch.' We wonder what name the cat would have liked to call Master George. This is a riddle enclosed:—'Of what use are your ankles?

I. Buchanan, O., Man., sends among other riddles given before, this one: What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher?

Edith V. Alkins, W., Ont., also sends in two riddles fresh to this page: 1. What insect does the blacksmith manufacture? 2. When is coffee like the earth?

Fred Cowan, O. S., Ont., asks this riddle: What goes to the barn and eats no hay, goes to the well and drinks no water, and goes out in the field and sings all day?

We also received short letters from Reita Robertson, E., Man.; Myrtle G. Sider, S., Ont.; and Oral Frith, M., Ont.

Little Girl (*in great alarm*). 'RUN, FOOTS! RUN, FOOTS! DON'T DECEIVE ME!'
—'Punch.'

Two Pleasant Roads.

(By Alice Turner Curtis, in 'Youth's Companion.')

The road that led to the schoolhouse was a straight road. When Constance stepped out from her front gate she could look down the broad, pleasant street and see other little girls starting out from their homes, and at the foot of the street the brown schoolhouse for which they were all bound.

There was another way to go to school. By going out the back gate and across the field, then through a shady wood of white birches and over a brook. Constance thought this much the nicer way to go to school; but mother liked the straight road, because then she could watch her little girl all the way.

The brook was bridged by a narrow plank, which 'gave' in the centre; that is, it would bend down toward the water when Constance jumped up and down on it, and then spring back into place.

Usually Constance would ask, 'May I go to school over the brook this morning, mother?' And usually Mrs. Gray would reply, 'Not this morning, my dear.' But now and then she would smile and say, 'Will my little girl be very careful?' And then Constance would go happily off across the field.

One morning, when Mrs. Gray was very busy, Constance did not ask, but started off toward the brook. It was a morning in early spring, and there were pleasant things to see. The violets were in blossom along by the fences, and the willows were showing a delicate green as they leaned over the brook.

When Constance came near the brook she saw a little circle in the water, exactly as if a pebble had been dropped in. As Constance looked, another ripple came across the smooth water, and she caught a glimpse of something dark and shining, with flecks of color. 'A trout!' exclaimed the little girl. 'A truly trout!' and she went out on the narrow board as carefully as possible. When she reached the centre, where the plank 'gave,' she stopped and looked eagerly down at the sandy bottom of the brook, hoping for another sight of the shining fish. She leaned over just a trifle too far, and splash! and there was a little girl in the water and a frightened trout scurrying toward the shore.

It was a shallow little stream, and Constance easily waded ashore, her gingham dress all wet and dripping, and her pretty tan shoes all dark and soggy with water. She went back through the pretty wood and down across the field and in at the back door, and stood before her mother.

'The brook!' exclaimed her mother.

'Oh, yes!' wailed Constance.

But mother smiled, and hurried her into dry stockings and shoes and a fresh gingham dress, and went down to the front gate with her, and stood watching the little girl till she was safe in the schoolhouse door.

Constance looked back along the pleasant street to where her mother stood at the gate. 'O dear me!' she whispered to herself. 'I don't see why I ever thought the brook was the pleasantest way to school when I can see my mother this way by just looking for her,' and waving her hand toward the front gate, Constance went in to school.

The Chicken's Napkin.

'Your napkin, dear,' reminded mamma, gently.

Bernice, across the table, lifted her little bread-and-buttery face and the tiniest of scowls travelled up and down between her eyes. Napkins were such a bother.

'I wish there weren't any!' she

murmured, getting down from her high chair to pick hers up. 'They always drop, an' they get all mixed up when you fold 'em up.'

'When you don't fold 'em up,' corrected Earl, laughing.

'You couldn't have any teeny, touty dear napkin-ring if there weren't any napkins,' remarked Esther, wisely.

Bernice turned her dainty, beloved little ring over and over thoughtfully in her small hands. 'Then I wish I was a chicken,' she announced, slowly.

'O, chickens use napkins regularly at every meal,' said papa.

'Chickens?'

The word came in astonished chorus from all the children.

'Why, of course. Did you think they hadn't any manners at all? I can tell you Mother Biddy is bringing them up better than that. After dinner you shall see. She teaches them to use their napkins very carefully.'

'Only just one to 'em all?'

'Ye-es,' papa said, a little reluctantly, 'only just one; but then it's plenty large enough.'

The twinkles in papa's eyes were playing hide-and-seek.

'It's so large they share it with their relations, their aunts and cousins and uncles.'

'Why, the idea!'

'O, my, I don't call that havin' good manners!' said Bernice, scornfully.

The children started out with papa to the chicken-yard, but mamma had to call Bernice back again to fold her napkin. That happened very often.

The chicken's meal was nearly over, but they watched them take the last few dainty pecks.

'That's the dessert. They eat it slow 'cause they've eaten all their hungry up,' exclaimed Esther.

'Where's their napkins? I don't see any,' Bernice exclaimed in disappointment.

'Wait,' said papa.

'Now watch!' he said a minute later, as the downy little fellows finished their last crumbs. They walked away a few steps, and then every single one of them wiped his bill—this-a-way, that-a-way, very carefully, indeed—on the grass.

'O!'

'O-oh!'

'O-my!'

'Well,' Bernice added triumphantly, 'they didn't fold it up, papa.'—'Morning Star.'

Four Dogs.

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk,
And as they journeyed upon their way
They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No 1, 'I really think
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses tall and grand
That reach clear up to the skies.'

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,
'Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me! My master writes books,
He's sold a million, I guess.'

Then dog No. 3 tossed his lofty head
And gave a sly little wink.
'That's nothing to tell! My master is rich,
He owns half the world, I think!'

The fourth little dog had been trotting along
With a wise, reflective mind.
At last he said with a happy smile,
'My master—he is kind!'

Now if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say—
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day.

—Alice J. Cleator, in 'Pets and Animals.'

The Story of a Little Washtub

Did you ever know a little girl who liked to begin things and never finish them? I once knew a little girl like that, and her name was Hetty. Her basket was full of begun-and-not-finished things; her flower bed was only half planted, and her dolls lay about the house with only half their clothes on.

One day Hetty said she would wash all her dolls' clothes and make them nice and clean.

'Now, little daughter,' said Hetty's mother, 'I can't let you begin this task unless you will promise me to finish it. All the doll clothes that you bring down into the kitchen must be washed.'

Yes, indeed, Hetty promised fast enough. So cook gave her a corner of the back yard to herself, and fastened a string from window to window for a clothes-line, and poured out the water for her.

Hetty, meantime, had to hunt up her doll clothes, her tub, her wringer, and her stove, and even by that time she was sort of tired, and thought she would rather play having a tea party.

But she promised, so she rubbed and rubbed, and rinsed and dried, until her little arms ached. Sometimes she would sigh very loud and look at cook; but cook was busy, and took no notice. Hetty had to do her washing by herself.—'I wish I hadn't brought so many fings to wash,' the little girl said to herself, with another big sigh.

At last the job was done, and the little tub emptied. And what do you think Hetty had learned by that morning's work?

'Mother, she said, 'I didn't fink washin' was so much tubble. I'm goin' to teep my d'esses t'leaner, so Mary Ann'll not have to work so hard washin' 'em.'—'The Child's Gem.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

This cut gives no idea of the color and beauty of the original, it only shows the size of the Brooch Pin.

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FOR EVER AND EVERYONE

Patriotic Premiums

FOR

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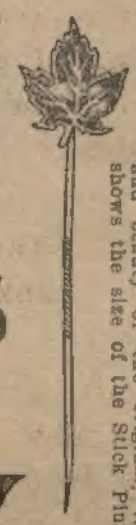

This cut gives no idea of the color and beauty of the original, it only shows the size of the Stick Pin.

OPEN TO EVERY READER.

The great popularity last year of our Maple Leaves, Silk Provincial Badges, and Silk Union Jacks, induces us to put them once more within reach of the loyal scholars of the Dominion—**in time for Empire Day.**

One Maple Leaf Brooch or Stick Pin

together with one Silk Union Jack and one Silk Provincial Badge

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Those remitting individually or in lots of less than ten at a time must pay 25 cents to include the premium.

An extra Brooch or Stick Pin to the sender of every club order.

Special Offer—Special Season

These offers are quite below our usual figure and are good only for subscriptions mailed on or before May 31, '07.

N.B.—WHILE THE ABOVE OFFER HOLDS GOOD, EVERY BROOCH OR PIN WILL CARRY WITH IT A SMALL SILK UNION JACK AND SILK BADGE, BEARING COAT OF ARMS OF YOUR OWN PROVINCE.

Send a Postcard for Special Maple Leaf Outfit, Blanks, etc.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, MONTREAL.

An Extra Page FOR THE Home Dressmaker.

PATTERNS FOR THE SPRING SEWING.

NO. 5713. NO. 5720.—A NEAT HOUSE DRESS.

Dainty simplicity characterizes this design for a house dress. The skirt is a practical five-gored model, with a deep flounce set on with a frill finish at the top. The skirt may be cut away underneath or left to form a foundation, just as preferred. A perfectly smooth adjustment is given about the hips, the fulness at the back being arranged in an inverted box-pleat, or it may be gathered. The blouse waist is an excellent design for the washable fabrics. The deep pleats at the shoulders give the broad effect desired just now. Elbow and full length sleeves are both provided for, and a comfortable turn-over collar finishes the neck. Mohair, challis, linen, gingham and percale are all suitable for reproduction. For 36-inch bust measure 2 1-8 yards of 44-inch material will be required for the waist, and 8 1-4 yards for the skirt.

Ladies' shirt waist, No. 5713. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Ladies' five-gored skirt, with or without flounce, No. 5720. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns, the price is ten cents for skirt and ten cents for the waist.

NO. 5565.—MEN'S NEGLIGE SHIRT.

White Madras was used in the reproduction of this design for a neglige shirt. Gathers control the fulness at the back, which is attached to a shallow yoke. The regulation shirt sleeves are finished with cuffs, and the pattern provides for a turn-down collar or neckband. Silk, Madras, linen and percale are all used for the making. The medium sizes require 3 1-2 yards of 36-inch material. Men's Neglige Shirt No. 5565: Sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches chest measure.

5528-5630.—MISSES' COSTUME.

The check suitings, of which so many are shown this season, are very effective for shirt waist suits. The design here pictured is developed in black and white. The blouse waist has a deep pleat on each side of the front closing. The small pocket on the left front is made of white broadcloth, which also is used for cuffs, belt and trimming bands. The skirt is a practical five-gore model suitable for all the season's materials. For a girl of fourteen years 1 7-8 yards of 44-inch material will be required for the waist and 3 1-8 yards for the skirt without the trimming bands, which take an additional 3-4 yard. Sizes for 14, 15, 16 and 17 years. The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the blouse and ten cents for the skirt.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No,. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

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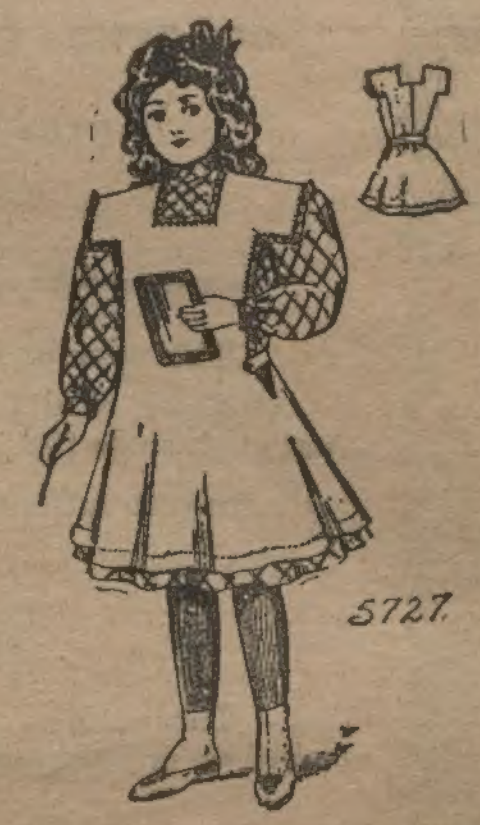
Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger,' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

NO. 5679.—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

The busy housewife, or the woman who has little duties to perform about the house, well knows the advantage of a protective apron such as the one here pictured. The making is a very simple matter, and can be easily and quickly accomplished. Generous pockets are attached to the skirt, and the full length sleeves are wide enough to accommodate the dress sleeves worn underneath. White and black dotted percale is shown in the illustration, but linen, gingham, Holland and the like are all appropriate. The medium size will require 4 1-2 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for small, medium, and large.



NO. 5727.—GIRL'S ONE-PIECE APRON.

Here we have a very pretty apron for the little school-girl that not only protects the dress, but at the same time adds to the appearance of the child. It extends out over the shoulders in a stylish way, and has the full flare at the lower edge that allows it to fit nicely over the full dress beneath. For making the cross-barred muslin, linen or dimity are used. The six-year size requires 2 1-8 yards of 30-inch material. Sizes, for 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 years.

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FLAG DEPARTMENT.

N.B.—Postal regulations compel us to exclude from this Flag offer, subscriptions in Montreal and suburbs, but any one in the city of Montreal may secure this fine premium by sending us the correct amount of NEW subscriptions at FULL rates, to be sent to addresses outside this limit.

The Summer is the great chance for Montrealers.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Bardsville, Ont.

All the members of the Bardsville Sunday school are well pleased with the 'Messenger,' and I have no reason to doubt but that they will continue so for many years.

Yours sincerely,
(MRS.) HERMAN GOLTZ,
Supt. Bardsville S. S.

Corbett, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed renewal for 32 copies of 'Northern Messenger' for our school. I would say the paper is giving entire satisfaction, and is eagerly looked for by the scholars, old and young.

JAS. POLLOCK,
Sec. Corbett Presbyterian S. S.

Woodstock, Ont.

The Union S. S. wishes to renew its subscription to the 'Northern Messenger.' We have taken your paper for several years, and always enjoy the reading of it very much.

(Miss) BLANCHE L. NEWMAN.
Sec.-Treas.

Grenfell, Sask.

The 'Messenger' we could not do without.

BENJAMIN JONES.

West Huntingdon, Ont.

Have been taking the 'Messenger' for four or five years, and would not be without it.

MRS. JAS. HAWKIN.

Vancouver.

To John Dougall and Son,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing for 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' I would wish to congratulate you for the noble stand you always have taken for the side of right, and though in some things I may not agree with you, still, I must give you credit of having the courage of your convictions, and I would not wish to be without the old reliable 'Witness' and 'Messenger.'

Yours truly,
JAS. KELMAN.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

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Sirs,—The 'Canadian Pictorials' arrive in good condition, and I am very pleased with them. Trusting you will have every success with your very interesting paper,

I am, yours truly,
R. CATES.

Woburn, Mass.

May the 'Pictoral' prosper, for it surely deserves to.

A. C. YARRIGLE.

Charleville, Ont.

We think the 'Canadian Pictorial' is very fine.

B. SCOTT.

Twillingate, Nfld.

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Those who take the 'Messenger' through Sunday Schools or other clubs, may get the 'Pictorial' separately by using the attached coupon.

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Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find SIXTY CENTS, for which send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year.

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N.B.—When getting the 'Messenger' through a Sunday School, please give name and address of superintendent and pastor.

HOUSEHOLD.

God's Little Girl.

She left her home in the starry ways,
And reached our arms in the April days;
We thought to keep her and hold her here,
And 'our little girl' we called 'the dear.'

One pleasant eve, when the sun had dipped
Out of sight, and the stars had slipped
Silently back to their wonted ways,
She turned her face with a wistful gaze

Up to the blue of the arching skies;
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes,
And the smile that brightened her small face so,
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss was dropped on her curly head;
'Sweet little heart, good-by,' we said,
Then, unafraid, though the way was dim,
God's little girl went back to Him.

—The Independent.

How to Live.

Do not be discouraged at your faults; beat with yourself in correcting them as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardor of mind, which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Speak, move, work in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed, you ought to be. Do everything without excitement by the spirit of grace. As soon as you perceive your natural impetuosity gliding in, retire quietly within where is the kingdom of God. Listen to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit shall put in your heart. You will find that you will become more tranquil; that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and that, with less effort, you will accomplish more good.—Fenelon.

Selected Recipes.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Beat together the yolks of four eggs until light, add to one quart of freshly mashed potatoes, mix well and add four tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one-half of a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley and salt and pepper to taste. When thoroughly mixed stir over the fire in a saucepan until the mixture cleaves from the sides of the saucepan. Set aside until cool enough to handle, form into croquettes, dip each into beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs, fry golden brown in a kettle of smoking hot fat and drain on unglazed paper before sending to the table.

SWEET RICE CROQUETTES.—Put a cupful of well-washed rice into a double boiler with two cupfuls of milk and a pinch of salt, and a small piece of stick cinnamon and cook until the rice is tender. Beat two eggs with four level tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir into the rice; cook a few minutes longer; then remove from the fire and stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla, a tablespoonful of seeded and chopped raisins, and a tablespoonful of minced citron. Mix, turn out on a buttered platter and set aside to cool; then form into any shaped croquettes you fancy; dip in egg and crumbs, and fry a delicate brown. Serve with a tart fruit sauce.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—If canned salmon is used, turn the fish from the can and drain thoroughly, then pick out all bone and skin and pick the fish apart with a silver fork; season with salt, pepper, cayenne, a little onion and lemon juice to taste, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Scald a cup of milk in double boiler and thicken with a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, creamed together. When smooth and thick add the beaten yolks of two eggs, cook a few seconds, then take from the fire and stir in the salmon, mix and turn out to cool; then form into croquettes and fry in deep fat; serve with hot maitre d'hotel sauce.

Religious Notes.

Concerning the famine in China, the American Bible Society has received the following cablegram from the Rev. John R. Hykes, D.D., the agent of the Society for China:

Notify all Boards that Shanghai Missionary Association, 274 members, representing 19 bodies, urges appeal of famine relief through all churches. 1,250,000 starving. Refugees already flocked cities. In district 3,000,000 destitute. Many millions affected. Many deaths already, though five months' suffering only begun. General relief committee representing all interests in this part. East, united in placing work of relief in responsible hands of missionaries. Opportunity century to impress China.

HYKES, President.

In the northern districts of Kiang-su and An-huei provinces the flooded districts are estimated as covering an area of 40,000 square miles, supporting a population of 15,000,000. None of the crops could be gathered last summer and all the necessities of life have been doubled in price.

Unless relief is given, from eight to ten millions of these people will soon be face to face with famine and fever. The provision which the Chinese Government has made to meet these needs, even were it honestly administered, is wofully inadequate, allowing only 25c. silver for each individual in need.

When it is remembered that there is no hope of relief from famine before the ripening of new crops next June, it is feared that the larger part of these millions in the flooded country will be affected by the famine, and the conditions will be indescribably awful. The need is urgent as acute suffering has already begun.

All funds should be sent to the treasurers of the various foreign missionary boards of the churches with which the contributors may be affiliated, or to the treasurer of the American Bible Society, William Foulke, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

The Rev. George Heber Jones, of the Methodist Mission, writes that two men recently came to Seoul as a special committee to welcome him on behalf of Christians on the Island of Kangwha. Fourteen years ago he began preaching on that island, and after hard work finally secured a foothold. Now these men report twenty-seven churches on the island and over 2,500 Christians. Last fall there was an increase in that number, and many hundreds are being gathered in. Kang-wha bids fair to become entirely Christian, as the very best families on the island are interested in Christianity. Mr. Jones began work in Chemulpo without a single convert. Recently one Sunday morning a great congregation of nine hundred greeted him there, and throughout that region there are now 10,000 Christians. This condition prevails all over. In the old First Church in Seoul—the mother church of Methodism in Korea—there are eight hundred probationers. Where can we match that? A young Korean exile who studied in America, married a Chinese lady, and after his return to Korea was made a member of the cabinet and given the portfolio of education. He has now given up official life to take up work in the mission and has been given charge of the educational work. The result of his work and influence will tell much for the cause of Christ.

Literally thousands in North Korea are turning to Christ for salvation. Though burdened and pressed on every side, the missionaries are rejoicing because they are busy in the greatest business of life—saving souls.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
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If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
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